

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.* By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 612. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

THIS book will, we presume, be read with very different feelings, as the readers may happen to sympathise with or abhor the Irish Rebellion of 1798, of which its subject was one of the most interesting heroes. As matter of history it is not of much importance;—as the memoir of a private individual, connected with some of the first families in the kingdom, and unhappily concerned in a plot to overthrow the government, in the prosecution of which he lost his life, and as being thought worthy to employ the pen of Mr. Moore, it will possess greater popular attraction. We shall, therefore, keep as wide as possible from the debatable ground of politics—the most repulsive of all politics too, being Irish politics—and endeavour to illustrate the more general topics embraced by Mr. Moore, by our remarks and quotations. We are, however, bound to say, that the preface professes the work to be historical rather than revolutionary; and Mr. Moore's sanguine expectation that the liberal conduct of the present Administration will leave no excuse for the latter sentiment in the Emerald Isle.

Without entering upon the discussion, whether Lord Edward Fitzgerald was justifiable or criminal; we may observe, that his character offers a very curious study. He is represented as a most amiable rebel, a "frank and simple" conspirator. "I cannot," says his biographer, "resist the gratification of adding a few words of my own; though conscious that the manner in which his frank, simple character has unfolded itself before the reader of the foregoing pages, renders any further comment on it almost wholly superfluous. Both of his mind and heart, indeed, simplicity may be said to have been the predominant feature, pervading all his tastes, habits of thinking, affections and pursuits; and it was in this simplicity and the singleness of purpose resulting from it, that the main strength of his manly character lay. Talents far more brilliant would, for want of the same clearness and concentration, have afforded a far less efficient light." We are not quite sure that we attach a definite meaning to the last sentence; but we are free to acknowledge that all the correspondence, with every fact relating to him in this book, shews Lord E. Fitzgerald to have been what he is painted, an exceedingly kind-hearted fellow, an affectionate relative, and especially a fond son, whose filial love for his mother could not have coexisted with a bad disposition. Mr. Moore intimates that he was obstinate; and to our view he appears to have partaken largely of that defect which is but too prevalent among his countrymen, and betrays them into most of their errors;—he was a creature of impulses, and not of reason, and his very warm and good feelings were the cause of his connexion with

the enemies of his country, and plunging headlong into treason. An ardent temperament, without the balance of sound judgment; a mind alive to strong passion, but destitute of real strength; many virtues, but even these tending to extravagance and unguided by a leading principle—such were the component qualities and defects of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; such are the "bane and antidote" of tens of thousands of living Irishmen, the sources of their excellences and of their faults, the origin of the mingled brightness with the misfortunes, troubles, and miseries of Ireland. For it is a waste of sense to talk of this or that government of Ireland, as the cause of its turbulence, and poverty, and discontent: the spirit of the rulers will undoubtedly have some influence on the condition of the nation; but look at Irish history from the earliest record to the present hour, and the same scene presents itself, whether under native kings or foreign conquerors, under severe or lenient systems—it is the character of the people, from breaking their neighbours' heads at a fair or wake, to civil wars and rebellions.—But we hope we are not getting into political speculation—we are sure we are not into party.

Lord E. Fitzgerald, it seems, entertained a pretty fervent first love to one Kate; but this was superseded by a more fervent second love, in which he was disappointed. As Moore is an authority on such matters, we beg leave to call him into court: he agrees with another poet, "that, in natures of this kind, a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as taster to the heart, before the true 'thirst from the soul' is called forth, and that, accordingly, out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate, and even constant, devotion to another." It might, on this theory, be useful for ladies, when they are flattered or wooed, to inquire whether it were the lover's first or second offence; and we philanthropically throw out the hint. Lord E. F. being in the second and true passion, suffered exceedingly from its rejection, and to divert his mind went a second time to America, in a fit mood to wander as he did among the savages, and engraft democracy on his personal grief. Thus, when he returned to Europe, he was just ripe to become an enthusiast for the French Revolution, and join the band of United Irishmen. He had previously acted almost throughout (i. e. except when the Duke of Leinster sided with the ministry) with the opposition in the Irish Parliament; and we notice within two pages a sort of contradiction between his biographer and him respecting his fellow-patriots. Mr. Moore says, "Mr. Conolly again appears among the supporters of government; while the name of Lord Edward is found, as usual, shining by the side of those of Grattan and Curran, among that small, but illustrious band,—the few, fine flushes of departing day,"—that gave such splendour to the last moments of Ireland as a nation; whilst in a letter, of February 26th, 1787,

Lord Edward writes, "when one has any great object to carry, one must expect disappointments, and not be diverted from one's object by them, or even appear to mind them. I therefore say to every body that I think we are going on well. The truth is, the people one has to do with are a bad set. I mean the whole; for really I believe those we act with are the best. All this is between you and me." The "illustrious band" being but "a bad set," is a droll contradiction. A little further on we are surprised by a bit of a fling of Mr. Moore's own at the Whigs, anno Domini 1790, when Lord E. was in London.

"Left thus open to the influence of all that was passing around him, it may be conceived that the great events now in progress in France could have appealed to few hearts more thoroughly prepared, both by nature and position, to go along with their movement. In the society, too, which he now chiefly cultivated,—that of Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and their many distinguished friends,—he found those political principles, to which he now, for the first time, gave any serious attention, recommended at once to his reason and imagination by all the splendid sanctions with which genius, wit, eloquence, and the most refined good-fellowship could invest them. Neither was it to be expected, while thus imbibing the full spirit of the new doctrines, that he would attend much to those constitutional guards and conditions with which the Whig patriots, at that time, fenced round even their boldest opinions,—partly from a long-transmitted reverence for the forms of the constitution, and partly, also, from a prospective view to their own attainment of power, and to the great inconvenience of being encumbered, on entering into office, by opinions which it might not only be their interest, but their duty, to retract."

The difficulty of maintaining in power the doctrines of opposition is, indeed, a confounded bore: for our parts, as honest and fair men, willing to do by others as we should wish others to do by us, we declare in sincerity that we think it out of nature to insist upon it. Our author continues, "it was not, indeed, till Lord Edward's visits to France in 1792 that he appears to have espoused zealously and decidedly those republican principles upon which, during the short remainder of his life, he acted with but a too fearless consistency."

From Paris he writes: "I lodge with my friend Paine,—we breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess."

No wonder, under such influence, that he, with Sir Robert Smith, renounced his title at a public meeting, and fraternised with the republicans. For this he was dismissed from the British army, in which he held a majority. At this period he met, fell in love with, and married the celebrated Pamela, though bearing

the horribly unromantic name of Mlle. Sims, the daughter of Mad. de Genlis and the Duke of Orleans.\* With her he returned to London in 1793; and afterwards went to Ireland, where, in 1796, as Mr. M. contends, and not before, he joined the United Irishmen, and became a, if not *the*, head of that dangerous conspiracy, which in February 1798 counted "little less than 300,000 men," regimented and armed at its beck.

Into its details we have neither space nor inclination to enter: the differences between the Presbyterians and Roman Catholics; and among the chiefs, as to the aid from France, the proper time for rising, &c. &c.; and the betrayal of its organisation to government, weakened its force; and when it did break out, led to the catastrophe of its gallant leader. The accounts of the fidelity with which he was sheltered and concealed for several months is extremely honourable to the Irish character; but as there are no hair-breadth 'escapes to relate, we shall leave the narrative to Mr. Moore's readers. At length he was betrayed while residing in the house of a Mr. Murphy. In the afternoon he had gone up to his bedroom, and lain down, without his coat, on the bed.

"Mr. Murphy," continues the story, "had but just begun to ask his host [quære guest?] whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger,' from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, 'Take that fellow away.' Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room. In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that

they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief. It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage, that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

\* Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks  
Frighted them being free."

It being understood that Doctor Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighbourhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, "I'm sorry for it."

"In the desperate resistance which he made, Lord Edward had no other weapon than a dagger, and the number of wounds he is said to have inflicted with it on his two adversaries is such as almost to exceed belief. This dagger was given by Lord Clare, a day or two after the arrest, to Mr. Brown, a gentleman well known and still living in Dublin, who has, by some accident, lost it. He describes it to me, however, as being about the length of a large case-knife, with a common buck handle,—the blade, which was two-edged, being of a waved shape, like that of the sword represented in the hands of the angel in the common prints prefixed to the last Book of *Paradise Lost*."

Having been committed to Newgate, all access was denied to him till very near his death; but the following memoranda, in the handwriting of his brother, Lord Henry, supply some affecting information upon this melancholy period.

"Has he got fruit?—does he want linen? How will the death of R. (Ryan) affect him? What informers are supposed to be against him? Upon his pain subsiding, the hearing of Ryan's death (which he must have heard) caused a dreadful turn in his mind. Affected strongly on the 2d of June—began to be ill about 3. Clinch executed before the prison. He must have known of it—asked what the noise was. 2d of June, in the evening, was in the greatest danger. Mr. Stone, the officer that attended him, removed the 2d of June—could not learn who was next put about him. 2d of June, in the evening, a keeper from a mad-house put with him—but finding him better in the night, left him. June 3d, exhausted, but composed. 3d of June, wrote Chancellor a pressing letter to see E.\* The answer of the Chancellor to the application here mentioned was as follows:—

*From the Earl of Clare to Lord Henry Fitzgerald.*

"Ely Place, June 3, 1798.

"My dear Lord,—Be assured that it is not in my power to procure admission for you to Lord Edward. You will readily believe that Lord Camden's situation is critical in the extreme. The extent and enormity of the treason which has occasioned so many arrests,

make it essentially necessary, for the preservation of the state, that access should be denied to the friends of all the persons now in confinement for treason. Judge, then, my dear lord, the situation in which Lord Camden will be placed, if this rule is dispensed with in one instance. Mr. Stewart has just now left me; and from his account of Lord Edward, he is in a situation which threatens his life. Perhaps, if he should get into such a state as will justify it, your request may be complied with; and, believe me, it will give me singular satisfaction if you can be gratified. You may rest assured that his wound is as well attended to as it can be. Yours always, truly, my dear lord,

"CLARE."

We are glad to see, in another place, that while condemning his politics, Mr. Moore does justice to the generous conduct of Lord Clare towards Lord E. Fitzgerald; whose death we now describe from a letter from Lady Louisa Conolly to Mr. Ogilvie (the second husband of the Duchess of Leinster), Dublin, June 4, 1798.

"At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace; and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him. Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), 'It is heaven to me to see you!' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'where is he, dear fellow!' Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting of a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too?—She is a charming woman;' and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me, that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure. When we left him, we told him that as he appeared inclined to

\* Of this individual we copy some account from a letter of Lady Sarah Napier's, in 1798, after her husband's death: "She is a *character*, but it is noble, elevated, great, and not easily understood by those who level all down to common worldly rules. According to the observations you must have made, in reading and experience of characters, you will find hers susceptible of all that belongs to a superior one. Uneven in strength of body and mind, she rises or sinks suddenly with illness and with affections. She launches out into almost ravings from her lively imagination,—see things in too strong lights—cannot bear violent checks, but is soothed into reason by tenderness with ease. I know no human being more formed by your tender, patient perseverance to bring her poor distracted mind to composure; and your talents for cheerfully occupying her thoughts will, I doubt not, chime in with her natural youthful vivacity so well, as to give you full powers of consolation over her mind in due time."

sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do'; but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away; and very shortly after, Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock; so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly. He sometimes said, 'I knew it must come to this, and we must all go'; and then rambled a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon those subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.' I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer,—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you."

With this we should drop the curtain, but for a few particulars which we can hardly persuade ourselves to omit, though we cannot arrange them very consistently. They must pass as loose notes.

Mr. Moore, at page 10, vol. ii. favours his admirers (i. e. the public) with a statement of his age, viz. that in 1798 he had just turned his seventeenth year; so that our delightful lyricist must now count fifty. He further tells us, that his first essay as a writer in prose was in the "Press newspaper,"—a journal which had been in the year 1797 established in Dublin, for the express purpose of forwarding the views of the Union, and of which Mr. O'Connor had lately become the avowed editor. In this newspaper," he says, "the author of the present memoir confesses to have made his first essay as a writer of prose; and among those extracts from its columns which are appended to the report of the secret committee, for the purpose of shewing the excited state of public feeling at that period, there are some of which the blame or the merit must rest with an author who had then but just turned his seventeenth year."

Of fashionable society in Dublin, the following naive trait is furnished by Lord E. F. (1792.)

"I have dined by myself, and intended giving up the evening to writing to you, but have had such a pressing invitation from Mrs. \* \* to sup that I cannot refuse. I hope it is to make up a quarrel which she began the other night, because I said I thought she was cold. I find it is the worst thing one can say of a Dublin woman:—you cannot conceive what an affront it is reckoned."

As the politico-satirical powers of Mr. Moore were bitterly exercised upon our late King, we think the subjoined quotations relating to his Majesty must excite considerable interest. Mr. M. has just mentioned the execution of Lord E. F.'s will in Newgate, and he adds:

"During this painful interval, the anxiety of Lord Edward's friends in England was, as the following letters will shew, no less intense and active. The letter from the late King will be found to afford an amiable instance of that sort of good-nature which formed so atoning an ingredient in his character. While,

with the world in general, it seems to be a rule to employ towards living kings the language only of praise, reserving all the license of censure to be let loose upon them when dead, it is some pleasure to reverse this safe, but rather ignoble policy, and, after having shocked all the loyal and the courtly by speaking with more truth than prudence of his late Majesty when living, to render justice now to the few amiable qualities which he possessed, at a time when censure alone is heard, over his grave, from others. Seldom, indeed, were the kindlier feelings of George the Fourth more advantageously exhibited than on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,—not only at the time of which we are speaking, when, on his first interview with the afflicted mother of his noble friend, he is said to have wept with all the tenderness of a woman in speaking of him, but at a much later period, when it was in his power, as monarch, to perform an act of humane justice towards Lord Edward's offspring, which, both as monarch and man, reflects the highest honour upon him."

The letter follows:

*From his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, to William Ogilvie, Esq.*

"Carlton-house, June 6, 1798.

Three quarters past 5, p. m.

"I feel so truly for the duchess and the unfortunate Edward, that I am sure there is nothing in the world I would not attempt to mitigate the pangs, which I am afraid but too much distress her grace at the present dreadful crisis. I would, were I in the habit of so doing, most undoubtedly write to Lord Clare; though, even were that the case, I should hesitate as to the propriety of so doing, thinking that such an application to the Chancellor might be subject to misconstruction, and consequently detrimental to Lord Edward's interests. But I have no hesitation in allowing you to state to his lordship how much pleased I shall be, and how much I am sensible it will conciliate to him the affections of every humane and delicate mind, if every opportunity is given to poor Lord Edward to obtain an impartial trial, by delaying it till his state of health shall be so recruited as to enable him to go through the awful scene with fortitude;\* and until the minds of men have recovered their usual tone, so absolutely necessary for the firm administration of justice. This, my dear sir, I have no scruple to admit of your stating in confidence, and with my best compliments to the lord chancellor. My long and sincere regard for both the Duchess and the Duke of Leinster would have naturally made me wish to exert myself still more, were I not afraid by such exertion I might do more harm than good. Excuse this scrawl, which I pen in the utmost hurry, fearing that you may have left London before this reaches Harley-street. I am, dear sir, with many compliments to the duchess, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE P."

The benevolent sequel to this humane and illustrious conduct was the reversal of the attainder of Lord E. Fitzgerald, in 1819, and the provision for his son by a commission in the Tenth Hussars. Reflecting on these noble actions, will it be thought that Mr. Moore's introductory remarks, balancing between the living and posthumous abuse of George IV., do justice to his character? All we shall say is, that our meed would have been warmer. But we must conclude. Having chiefly taken

\* It will be seen, by a subsequent letter, that the Duke of York exerted himself with such zeal, on this point, that he succeeded in obtaining the royal consent to a delay of the trial."

up events, we should state, that though of slight public consequence, most of the correspondence in these volumes is delightful reading; and that a fine portrait of Lord E. F., by Hamilton, engraved by Dean, adorns the work. We rise from its perusal with a mixture of pain and sorrow; for, after all the hues thrown upon its subject by the kindly and glowing pen of the biographer, it is lamentable to contemplate a high-minded and generous young man, deeply imbued with the best social affections, so utterly torn from his true sphere in the rank of gallant soldiers, and the enjoyment of refined pleasures, as to die in a dungeon, a death of suffering and disgrace, a murderer and a traitor.

*The Club-Book: being original Tales, &c.*

Edited by the Author of "The Dominie's Legacy." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831.

Cochrane and Pickersgill.

THERE are some of these tales with which we will not march through Coventry; that's flat. We have no objection at all to the leader of the company, James, whose "Bertrand de la Croix" is worthy of the author of *Richelieu*, *Darnley*, and *De l'Orme*: it is a very spirited story, in the compass of a hundred pages. Neither do we object to companionship with Tyrone Power's "Gipsy of the Abruzzo;"—we only wonder where the deuce our clever comedian has got all his acquaintance with Italian scenery and manners. We should like to go to the same fountain for information's sake. But we will not say so much for our next grenadier comrade, Galt, who seems to have emptied his knapsack of its least valuable contents for this expedition. The "Unguarded Hour" is the very old anecdote of a murderer surprised into a confession of guilt, by the judge leading him to suppose the ghost of the murdered is coming. Of "The Painter," we dislike the incident much; besides, it is one of his dramas turned into prose. The "Book of Life" has appeared in Blackwood; and "Haddad-ben-Ahab" is an eastern apologue, in which we delight not. "The Fatal Whisper" is the best. Mr. Moir, the Delta of Blackwood, has, under the title of "The Bridal of Borthwick," expanded into a prose narrative a very stirring ballad, which he found in Ellis's *Specimens*, and which he has by no means improved. The Ettrick Shepherd's "Laddaws" is without any thing particular to recommend it; and his "Bogle of the Brae" has no magic, except its lantern. "The Deer Stalkers," and "The Three Kearneys," by the editor, Picken, are but dull and mediocre; and "The Cheatrie Packman," by Leitch Ritchie, is neither new nor captivating. "Gowden Glibbie," by Allan Cunningham, promises more of whim and character at its outset than is fulfilled in its performance. It is a great evil in modern, and particularly in periodical literature, that articles are often executed to measure,—the order is for three volumes, a sheet, or so many pages, and no matter what the intrinsic nature of the material, it must be *pro-Crusted* accordingly. In the midst of the prose, the staple of these volumes, and so much of it from Scotch hands, we have, we were going to say, the relief of some poetry by an English Lord, F. Leveson Gower; but it is only some pieces of the romantic play of *Hernani*, done from the French into our own language in a very task-like manner.

Resembling the *Annuals* in its composition, the variety of the *Club-Book* will, however, recommend it to every class of readers, who read for amusement; for though, as we have truly stated, some of its parts are but level,—as a



whole, it is well deserving of that popularity which must be the extent of its claim, viz. a circulation of some three thousand copies. That we may do our possible towards accelerating this consummation, we will quote one of the stories entire; and it is very natural that we should select the one entitled "The Sleepless Woman," by William Jerdan. For this writer we can have no predilection; and indeed we are so little acquainted with any original performances of his (for we understand he is a mere hack critic, who, as we gather from the continual censures and abuse of a dozen or two of superior but unsuccessful periodicals, scribbles for booksellers; and, what is most extraordinary, though universally esteemed by the public, without the talent to give satisfaction to any of these contemporaries), that it is the novelty, and not the merit of the thing, which tempts us, in this instance, to honour him with our notice. The idea seems to be fanciful: we should like to know whence it sprung; but that is impossible, and we must take it as we find it. We presume nobody will dispute our grave right to this particular mode of criticism: if they do, we can only pun in our defence, that it is *Joking a-Part*.

"Heavily set in massive brass, whose rich and ingenious carving was tarnished and dull, a ponderous lamp swung from a ceiling blackened by its smoke. Every thing in the room spoke of time, but of time that had known no change. Knights, whose armour was, at the latest, of two centuries back—ladies, in dresses from which their descendants started in dismay—looked out from the discoloured tapestry; and the floor, dark with age, added to the gloom. Beside the hearth, whose fire, from the rain beating down the huge chimney, burnt every moment dimmer, sat two old domestics. The man in a scarlet gown, and a belt, from which hung a heavy bunch of keys, was the seneschal; and opposite was his wife, in a brown silk dress, and a string of ebony beads, which she was busily employed in counting. Between them was a small antique oak table, where a flask and two bell-mouthed glasses appeared temptations which, it must be owned, somewhat interrupted the telling of the beads. In the centre of the chamber stood an immense hearse-like bed; the purple velvet curtains swept to the ground, and at each corner drooped a large plume of black ostrich-feathers. On this bed lay a little withered old man, apparently in the last extremity of age, and very close upon the border of death. His spare form was hidden in an ample black robe, fastened round the waist with a white girdle, on which were graven strange characters in red; and on his breast was a white square, covered with stars and signs wrought in gold. The old man's face was ghastly pale, and rendered yet paler by the contrast of his black skull-cap, which was drawn down even to his gray and shagged eyebrows. But the features were restless; and the small keen eyes, though fast losing their brightness, were full of anxiety. The wind shook the tall narrow windows, and howled in the old trees of the avenue; at every fresh gust, the baron's impatience seemed to increase—for what we are telling relates to the Baron de Launaye. 'Tis a rough night,' muttered he; 'but Adolphe is as rough a rider—and a dangerous road; but I am the first De Launaye who ever drew bridle for that. And then my summons—it was sure to reach him; ay, though alone, in the midnight bower of the mistress whose name and his suspicion had never coupled together even in a dream—even though consciousness were

drowned in the crimson flowing of the wine—though sleeping as men sleep after battle, pillowed on the body of their deadliest enemy, or of their nearest and dearest friend—my summons would be borne on his inmost soul. But will he come, at the bidding of his dying uncle?—will Adolphe, he, the only human being whom I ever loved—will he or will he not come?' The question was answered even at the moment it was breathed. The horn at the castle-gate was blown impatiently—the fall of the drawbridge was heard—a moment's pause, and a light foot sprang up the oaken staircase with all the speed of haste and youth. The door opened, and in rushed a young cavalier. The white plumes of his cap were drenched with wet—the diamond clasp that fastened them was dim with damp—but his bright auburn hair glistened with the rain-drops. Hastily flinging his riding cloak, heavy with moisture, to the ground, the stranger sprang to the bedside. A gleam of human love, of human joy, passed over the old man's face, as, tenderly and gently, his nephew asked of his tidings, and expressed such hopes as affection hopes when hope there is none. 'Child of my love,' murmured the dying baron, 'for whose sake only I have ever given one thought to the things of earth, bear yet a moment with the feeble wretch who but a brief while will stand between you and the title of your ancestors and wealth. Many a prince of your mother's house would think his kingdom overpaid if purchased by its half. You are young—I never was—my heart, even in boyhood, was old with premature knowledge. You have that beauty, the want of which has made my life a curse—you have that strength of body, the want of which has paralysed my strength of mind. I have doubted if happiness dwells on this evil earth—I will not doubt, when I hope for yours. You will hear me called necromancer: out on the base fools who malign that which they understand not, and would bring down the lofty aim of science, the glorious dream of virtue, to their own low level! You will hear me called miser: Adolphe, have you ever found me so?' 'My father—my more than father!' passionately exclaimed the young man, hiding his face on the pillow, as if ashamed of the violence of mortal grief, in the presence of one so soon to be immortal. 'Adolphe,' continued his uncle, 'you have heard, though not from me—for I sought not to weigh down your ardent mind with all that has pressed upon me with the burden of hopelessness, and long has the knowledge been mine—that the fetters of clay are too heavy for the spirit. Your young hand was fitter for the lance than the crucible; and the bridle-rein would have been ill exchanged for the lettered scroll. But something I know of that future, into which even the sage can look but dimly. Adolphe, the only question I asked was for thee! Alas! the vanity of such wisdom! It has told of danger that menaces, but not of the skill that avoids. My child, evil came into the world with woman, and in her is bound up the evil of your destiny. Vain as the glance they throw on the polished steel of their mirror—false as the vow they make for the pleasure of breaking—inconstant as the wind, which changes from point to point, and for whose change no philosophy hath ever discovered a cause: shun them, Adolphe, as you would disloyalty to your king, flight from your enemy, or falsehood to your friend.' The old man's voice became inaudible, and his head sank on Adolphe's shoulder:—'Margarita, water—or, Jacques, give me the wine.' The youth tried to pour

a few drops into the baron's mouth. The dying man motioned back the glass, and, looking in the cavalier's face with a strong expression of affection and anxiety, muttered something of 'woman' and 'danger'—'bright,' 'eyes,' 'bright,' 'beware'—these were his last broken words. He expired. Contrary to the charitable expectations of his neighbours, the Baron de Launaye was buried with all the rites of the church; the holy water was sprinkled on the corse, and the holy psalm sung over the coffin. A marble tablet marked his grave; and there the moonlight slept as lovingly as ever it did on the sinless tomb of saint or martyr. The new Baron de Launaye lamented his uncle's death in a very singular manner, for he was his heir—and the young and the rich have not much time for regret. But Adolphe (he was remarkable from a child for his memory) could not forget the kindness—and more than kindness—the love that his uncle had lavished on the little orphan, who noble and pennyless at the age of five years, was left dependent on his bounty. However, sorrow cannot—indeed nothing in this world can—last for ever. Adolphe's grief became first only sad; next, melancholy; thirdly, calm; and, fourthly, settled down into a respectful remembrance, and a resolve to bear his uncle's last words in mind. Indeed, the muttered, vague, and uncertain prediction quite haunted him. 'I am sure,' said he, in one of his many pondering moods, 'I am sure my past experience confirms his words. I never got into a scrape but a woman was the cause. I had been in my outset at court, page to the Duke Forté d'Imhault, and, gone with him on that splendid embassy to Russia, had he not been displeased with my awkwardness in fastening the duchess's sandal.' And he laughed as he said this: who in the world could guess why the loss of his appointment should make the young baron laugh! 'And then, who caused the duel between me and my Pylades, the Marquess de Lusignan, but that little jilt, Mdlle. Laure? However, my sword only grazed his arm: he wore an exquisite blue silk scarf, and we were better friends than ever. Oh, my uncle was right: women were born to be our torment.' Still was this conviction impressed on his mind like a duty. Yet he could not help thinking that a few bright eyes would light up the old hall better than the huge brazen lamps which now served to make darkness visible. From thinking of the pleasantness of such an illumination, he began to think of its difficulties; and the difficulties of the project soon referred only to the place. One thought suggests another; and from thinking how many obstacles opposed the introduction of bright eyes and sweet smiles into the castle, he arrived at the conclusion, how easily they were to be obtained in other parts. To say the truth, Paris became daily more familiar to his mind's eye; and, as he justly observed, staying at the dull old castle could do his uncle no good, and he was quite sure it did himself none. Now, in spite of philanthropy, people are not so very fond of doing good gratuitously; but, to be sure, such doctrines were not so much discussed in those days as they are in ours, though the practice was about the same. Sometimes he argued with himself, 'it is as well to be out of harm's way';—and the prediction and a cold shudder came together. But we are ready enough to dare the danger we do not know; and though a few years of Parisian life had placed the nephew's early on a level with the uncle's late experience, touching the evil inherent in womanhood, nevertheless

Adolphe supposed their bad qualities might be borne, at all events, better than the dulness of the château de Launaye. One day riding with his bridle on his horse's neck, meditating whether his next ride should not be direct to Paris, a most uncommon spectacle in that unfrequented part of the country attracted his attention. This was a large lumbering coach, drawn by six horses, whose rich harness and housings bore the crest in gold—a lynx rampant. A very natural curiosity, (by the by, all curiosity is natural enough), made him look in at the window. Was there ever a face half so beautiful as that of the girl who, like himself, actuated by natural curiosity, looked out as he looked in? The black silk wimple was drawn over her head, but allowed a very red upper lip—an exquisite Grecian nose—and a most brilliant pair of eyes, to be seen. Our young cavalier sat as if he had been stupefied. This is a very common effect of love at first. It goes off, however,—so it did with Adolphe. His first act on recovering his senses was to gallop after the coach. He spurred on, and caught a second glance of the most radiant orbs that ever revolved in light. Large, soft, clear, and hazel, as those of a robin—they were bright and piercing as those of a falcon. Certainly De Launaye had never seen such eyes before, or at least none that ever took such an effect upon him. He ate no dinner that day—walked by moonlight on the terrace—and the only thing which excited his attention was the seneschal's information, that the Marquise de Surville and her grand-daughter were come to stay for some months at their château. 'They could not have done that in the late baron's time—the Lord be good unto his soul!' And the old man forthwith commenced the history of some mysterious feud between the two families, in which the deceased Baron Godfred had finally remained victor. To this tedious narrative of ancient enmities, Adolphe was little inclined to listen. 'A name and an estate are all our ancestors have a right to leave behind them. The saints preserve us from a legacy of their foes! Nothing could be worse,—except their friends.' The next morning the baron arranged his suit of sables with unusual care, though it must be confessed he always took care enough. 'Pray Heaven the marquise may be of my way of thinking respecting the quarrels of our forefathers! Some old ladies have terrible memories,' were Adolphe's uppermost ideas as he rode over the draw-bridge at the Château de Surville, which had been promptly lowered to his summons—their only neighbour, he had thought it but courteous to offer his personal respects. How much more cheerful did the saloon, with its hangings of sea-green silk, worked in gold, seem than his own hall, encumbered with the dusty trophies of his ancestors. To be sure, the young baron was not at that moment a very fair judge; for the first thing that met him on his entrance was a glance from the same pair of large bright eyes which had been haunting him for the last four and twenty hours. The grandmother was as stern a looking old gentlewoman as ever had knights in armour for ancestors: still, her eyes, also bright, clear, and piercing, somewhat resembled those of her grand-daughter. On the rest of her face time had wrought 'strange disfigurements.' She was silent; and, after the first compliments, resumed the volume she had been reading on the baron's appearance. It was a small book, bound in black velvet, with gold clasps, richly wrought. Adolphe took it for granted it was her Breviary; and inwardly concluded how respectable is that piety in an

old woman which leaves the young one under her charge quite at liberty! The visitor's whole attention was soon devoted to the oriel window where sat the beautiful Clotilde de Surville. The Baron de Launaye piqued himself on fastidious taste in women and horses; he had had some experience in both. But Clotilde was faultless: there she leant, with the splendour of day full upon her face; it fell upon her pure complexion like joy upon the heart; and the sunbeams glittered amid the thick ringlets till every curl was edged with gold. Her dress alone seemed capable of improvement; but it is as well to leave something to the imagination, and there was ample food for Adolphe's, in picturing the change that would be wrought upon Clotilde by a Parisian milliner. 'This comes,' thought he, 'of being brought up in an old German castle.' For very shame he at last rose; when, with a grim change of countenance, meant for a smile, the marquise asked him to stay dinner. It is a remark not the less true for being old (though now-a-days opinions are all on the change), that love-making is a thing 'to hear, and not to tell.' We shall therefore leave the progress of the wooing, and come to the *dénouement*, which was the most proper possible, viz. marriage. Adolphe had been the most devoted of lovers, and Clotilde had given him a great deal of modest encouragement; that is, her bright eyes had often wandered in search of his, and the moment they had found them, had dropped to the ground; and whenever he entered the room, a blush had come into her cheek, like the light into the pearl, filling it with the sweet hues of the rose. Never did love-affair proceed more prosperously. The old seneschal was the only person who grumbled. He begged leave to remind the young baron, that it was not shewing proper respect to his ancestors not to take up their quarrels. 'But things are altered since the days when lances were attached to every legacy,' returned Adolphe. 'We are altering every thing now-a-days,' replied the old man; 'I don't see, however, that we are a bit the better off.' 'I, at all events, expect happiness,' replied his master, 'in this change of my condition.' 'Ay, ay, so we all do before we are married: what we find after, there is no use in saying, for two reasons; first, you would not believe me; secondly, my wife might hear what I'm telling.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the young baron, 'the caution that marriage teaches! If it were only for the prudence I should acquire, it would be worth my while to marry.' 'Alas! rashness never yet wanted a reason. My poor young master! the old marquise and her dark-eyed grand-daughter have taken you in completely.' 'Taken me in!' ejaculated De Launaye, angrily; 'why, you old fool, were this a mere match of interest, I might thank my stars for such a lucky chance. Young, beautiful, high-born, and rich, Clotilde has but to appear at the court, and insure a much higher alliance than mine. What motive could they have?' 'I do not know; but when I don't know people's motives, I always suppose the worst,' replied the obstinate dominique. 'Charitable!' laughed his master. 'And besides,' resumed the seneschal, 'the old marquise plagued her husband into the grave; and I dare say her grand-daughter means to do as much for you.' 'A novel reason, at all events, for taking a husband,' said De Launaye, 'in order that you may plague him to death afterwards.'—Well, the wedding-day arrived at last. De Launaye could have found some fault with his bride's costume, but for her face. There was

a stiffness in the rigid white satin, and the ruff was at least two inches too high—indeed, he did not see any necessity for the ruff at all; they had been quite out, some years, at Paris. However, he said nothing, remembering that a former hint on the subject of dress had not been so successful as its merits deserved. He had insinuated, and that in a compliment too, a little lowering of the ruff before, as a mere act of justice to the ivory throat, when Clotilde had rejoined, answering in a tone which before marriage was gentle reproof (a few months after, it would have sounded like reproach), that she hoped 'the Baron de Launaye would prefer propriety in his wife to display.' The sense of the speech was forgotten in its sentiment; a very usual occurrence, by the by. However, the bride looked most beautiful; her clear, dark eyes swam in light—the liquid brilliancy of happiness—the brightness, but not the sadness, of tears. The ceremony was over, the priest and the marquise had given their blessings; the latter also added some excellent advice, which was not listened to with all the attention it deserved. The young couple went to their own castle in a new and huge coach, every one of whose six horses wore white and silver favours. Neighbours they had none, but a grand feast was given to the domestics; and dominique, at his master's express orders, broached a pipe of Bourdeaux. 'I can't make my vassals,' said De Launaye, 'as happy as myself; but I can make them drunk, and that is something towards it.' The day darkened into night; and here, according to all regular precedents in romance, hero and heroine ought to be left to themselves; but there never yet was a rule without an exception. However, to infringe upon established custom as little as possible, we will enter into no details of how pretty the bride looked in her nightcap, but proceed forthwith to the baron's first sleep. He dreamt that the sun suddenly shone into his chamber. Dazzled by the glare, he awoke, and found the bright eyes of his bride gazing tenderly on his face. 'Weary as he was, still he remembered how uncourteous it would be to lie sleeping while she was so wide awake; and he forthwith roused himself as well as he could. Many persons say they can't sleep in a strange bed; perhaps this might be the case with his bride: and in new situations people should have all possible allowance made for them. They rose early the following morning, the baroness bright-eyed and blooming as usual, the baron pale and *abat*. They wandered through the castle: De Launaye told of his uncle's prediction. 'How careful I must be of you!' said the bride, smiling: 'I shall be quite jealous.' Night came, and again Adolphe was awakened from his first sleep by Clotilde's bright eyes. The third night arrived, and human nature could bear no more. 'Good God, my dearest!' exclaimed the husband, 'do you never sleep?' 'Sleep!' replied Clotilde, opening her large bright eyes, till they were even twice their usual size and brightness. 'Sleep!—one of my noble race, sleep? I never slept in my life.' 'She never sleeps!' ejaculated the baron, sinking back on his pillow in horror and exhaustion. It had been settled that the young couple should forthwith visit Paris—thither they at once proceeded. The beauty of the baroness produced a most marvellous sensation, even in that city of sensations. Nothing was heard of for a week but the enchanting eyes of the Baroness de Launaye—a diamond necklace of a new pattern was invented in her honour, and called *aux beaux yeux de Clotilde*. 'Those

eyes,' said a prince of the blood, whose taste in such matters had been cultivated by some years of continual practice, 'those eyes of Mde. de Launaye will rob many of our young gallants of their rest.' 'Very true,' briefly replied her husband. Well, the baroness shone like a meteor in every scene, while the baron accompanied her, the spectre of his former self. Sal-low, emaciated, every body said he was going into a consumption. Still, it was quite delightful to witness the devotedness of his wife—she could scarcely bear him a moment out of her sight. At length they left Paris, accompanied by a gay party, for their château. But brilliant as were these guests, nothing distracted the baroness's attention from her husband, whose declining health became every hour more alarming. One day, however, the young Chevalier de Ronsarde—he, the conqueror of a thousand hearts—the besieger of a thousand more—whose conversation was that happy mixture of flattery and scandal which is the *beau idéal* of dialogue,—engrossed Mde. de Launaye's attention; and her husband took the opportunity of slipping away unobserved. He hastened into a gloomy avenue—the cedars, black with time and age, met like night, overhead, and far and dark did their shadows fall on the still and deep lake beside. Worn, haggard, with a timorous and hurried, yet light step, the young baron might have been taken for one of his own ancestors, permitted for a brief period to revisit his home on earth, but invested with the ghastliness and the gloom of the grave. 'She never sleeps!' exclaimed the miserable Adolphe—'she never sleeps! day and night her large bright eyes eat like fire into my heart.' He paused, and rested for support against the trunk of one of the old cedars. 'Oh, my uncle, why did not your prophecy, when it warned me against danger, tell me distinctly in what the danger consisted? To have a wife who never sleeps! Dark and quiet lake, how I envy the stillness of your depths—the shadows which rest upon your waves!' At this moment a breath of wind blew a branch aside—a sunbeam fell upon the baron's face; he took it for the eyes of his wife. Alas! his remedy lay temptingly before him—the still, the profound, the shadowy lake. De Launaye took one plunge—it was into eternity. Two days he was missing—the third his lifeless body floated on the heavy waters. The Baron de Launaye had committed suicide, and the bright-eyed baroness was left a disconsolate widow. Such is the tale recorded in the annals of the house of De Launaye. Some believe it entirely, justly observing, there is nothing too extraordinary to happen. Others (for there always will be people who affect to be wiser than their neighbours) say that the story is an ingenious allegory—and that the real secret of the Sleepless Lady was jealousy. Now, if a jealous wife can't drive a man out of his mind and into a lake, we do not know what can!

Had we written this story, we should certainly have made it end very differently; but we dare say the author was obliged to finish it as his employers dictated,—one of the miseries of a corrupt and servile press. Had Adolphe returned with the proper spirit of a husband, and, justly exercising his marital authority, forced his wife to shut her eyes, there would have been a good moral to command our eulogium: as it is, we fear the tale can only operate as an encouragement to women to keep their eyes open to the doings of the other sex, to pry into their most private actions with unceasing watchfulness, and to drive them heaven

knows into what, by a "sleepless" supervision, not to be borne even by the most innocent and most loving.

*The Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge.* 8vo. pp. 509. London, 1831. Baxter.

THIS Library, or, more properly speaking, Dictionary of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge, is founded upon a work entitled *Gleanings in Agriculture*, and has, in its present improved condition, received the assistance of several gentlemen of scientific attainments. Notwithstanding this, it bears the characteristics rather of a plain practical work, than one of extensive details or great research, and is on these points inferior to the similar publications of Mr. Loudon. As the work is alphabetically arranged, *Acre* is the first subject treated of; but since the value of this must depend on the nature of the soil, we turn over to that article in search of our author's elementary and theoretical notions on agriculture. Here he could hardly run into error, the details being mostly derived from Sir Humphry Davy's comprehensive work, though much has been done since that time; and as an incomplete article has been admitted, "on the connexion of geology, or the influence of the mineralogical characters, and superposition of rocks, on the nature and value of soils," we may remark, that this subject has now attained a very high degree of perfection, from the attention paid to it, more especially by German agriculturists; and that it is not to be passed over, as is the case in most of our elementary works, as a mere matter of curiosity and speculation, but should, as has long been done by Dr. Coventry, the learned professor of agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, form the basis of all practical precepts on the management and cultivation of lands.

It may be remarked of a mere practical agriculturist, that however valuable the facts with which experience has made him acquainted, he always brings these into their wrong places, and as naturally deduces wrong inferences from them. It is like treating the diseases of the human body without a knowledge of its structure. And then the method used to convey information is reversed,—the one constantly labouring at the accumulation of facts, that is to say, certain results produced; while the other brings these facts to bear upon certain leading and established principles, or deduces these principles from them,—and the system which results from such a method of proceeding, saves repetition, time, and labour. As applied to agriculture, should such principles, founded on a study of climate, soil, or vegetation, be sometimes erroneous, they must still be always useful to the student, as, by systematising the facts and principles, they assist the memory, and give to the mind the useful and intellectual character of being able to distinguish a series of similar consequences and results, and group the facts in the same order that the practical cultivator would his plants or hot-beds. We will explain ourselves by a single reference. "The best natural soils," says the author, "are those of which the materials have been derived from different strata, which have been divided by air and water, and are intimately blended together; and in improving soils artificially, the farmer cannot do better than imitate the processes of nature." Now the influence of rocks on agriculture is very complicated, and is to be referred to proximate and remote causes, and to direct and indirect influences; and these, though numerous, are indispensable

to be known, as they comprise inquiries into the volume of the soil, the structure and compactness of the rock, the fissures and inclination, the retention of water, the condition with regard to caloric, and the disintegration, changes in aggregation, and changes in nature; and by a knowledge of these facts alone can we be made acquainted with the proper means of treating soils and improving their condition. In another part of the work, Mr. Johnson asserts that geology is of no immediate benefit to the cultivator of the soil; while we could prove that the knowledge given by an acquaintance with that science, at least the practical part, is indispensable to every agriculturist. Certain it is that he may obtain this knowledge empirically from experience; but this cannot afford a groundwork for new operations in novel situations, or teach the proper method of proceeding where the circumstances are changed; to which fact we must often trace the despondency of an agricultural emigrant, or the misrepresentations of a Swan River settler. Although England ranks as the best agricultural kingdom in the world in respect to the talent displayed in tillage, her skill might have raised her in the estimation of neighbouring nations still higher, had the experience of past ages been reduced to scientific rules. Indeed, most farmers in the country are adverse to any knowledge that is not to be gained by experience, as if their own farms, or the circumscribed field of their own observation, contained all the varieties of climate, soil, and rock, which are to be met with in the British islands, or required for tillage an acquaintance with all the elements of the science of agriculture. The work before us is a proof that the theory of this great source of national prosperity is only studied by amateur farmers; for the articles on agricultural chemistry, on vegetable chemistry, and physiology, and most of the botanical articles, are furnished by gentlemen whose labours have long been appreciated by the public; and under these circumstances, and from the local auspices under which the book makes its appearance, we have no doubt of its very general and well-deserved success.

*Croker's Boswell's Johnson.*

[Conclusion.]

HAVING devoted so full a proportion of several of our *Gazettes* to this popular work, thus, we are sure, carrying much gratification to our distant and foreign readers, though the volumes are now familiar to the country at home, we shall very briefly conclude our review, and leave it to its own attractions.

"Dr. Johnson's monument (says Malone), consisting of a colossal figure leaning against a column (but not very strongly resembling him), has, since the death of Mr. Boswell, been placed in St. Paul's cathedral, having been first opened to public view February 23, 1796. The epitaph was written by the Rev. Dr. Parr, and is as follows:

A Ω  
SAMVELI · JOHNSON  
GRAMMATICO · ET · CRITICO  
SCRIPTORVM · ANGLICORVM · LITTERATE · PERITO  
POETAE · LYMINIBVS · SENTENTIARVM  
ET · PONDERIBVS · VERBORVM · ADMIRABILI  
MAGISTRO · VIRTVTIS · GRAVISSIMO  
HOMINI · OPTIMO · ET · SINGULARIS · EXEMPLI  
QVI · VIXIT · ANN · LXXX · MENS · II · DIES · XIII ·  
DECESSIT · IDIB · DECEMBR · ANN · CHRIST ·  
CLO · LXXXIII ·  
SEPVL · IN · AED · SANCT · PETR · WESTMONASTERIENS ·  
XIII · KAL · IANVAR · ANN · CHRIST · CLO · LXXXV ·  
AMICI · ET · SODALES · LITTERARI ·  
PECVNIA · CONLATA  
H · M · FACIEND · CVRAVER ·



On a scroll in his hand are the following words:  
ΕΝΜΑΚΑΡΕΣΣΙΠΟΝΟΝΑΝΤΑΞΙΟΣΕΙΗΑΜΟΙΒΗ

On one side of the monument:

FACIEBAT JOHANNES BACON, SCULPTOR, ANN. CHRIST.  
M.DCC.LXXXV."

Upon which Mr. Croker remarks:

"It is to be regretted that the committee for erecting this monument did not adhere to the principles of the *round robin*, on the subject of Goldsmith's epitaph, and insist on having the epitaph to Johnson written in the language to which he had been so great and so very peculiar a benefactor. The committee of subscribers, called curators, were Lord Stowell, Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Malone. Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Burke, and Sir Joseph, had signed the *round robin*; but it may be presumed that Dr. Johnson's preference of a Latin epitaph, so positively pronounced on that occasion, operated on their minds as an expression of what his wishes would have been as to his own. It seems, however, to the editor the height of bad taste and absurdity to exhibit Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's cathedral in the masquerade of a half-naked Roman, with such pedantic and, to the passing public, unintelligible inscriptions as the above. The following is a close translation:

Alpha Omega.

TO SAMUEL JOHNSON,

A grammarian and critic;

Of great skill in English literature;

A poet admirable for the light of his sentences

And the weight of his words;

A most effective teacher of virtue;

An excellent man, and of singular example,

Who lived 75 years, 2 months, 14 days,

He died in the Isles of December, in the year of Christ

MDCCLXXXIV.

Was buried in the church of St. Peter's, Westminster,

The 13th of the kalends of January, in the year of Christ

MDCCLXXXIV.

His literary friends and companions,

By a collection of money,

Caused this monument to be made.

The reader will not, of course, attribute to the original all the awkwardness of this almost literal version; but he will not fail to observe the tedious and confused mode of marking the numerals, the unnecessary repetition of them, and the introduction of *names and ideas*, all of which are, even on the principles of the lapidarian scholars themselves, clumsy, and, on the principles of common sense, contemptible. Thirty-four letters and numerals (nearly a tenth part of the whole inscription) are, for instance, expended in letting posterity know that Dr. Johnson was buried in the same month of the same year in which he died. The Greek words, so pedantically jumbled together on the scroll, are an alteration by Dr. Parr of a line of Dionysius, the geographer, with which Johnson has closed the Rambler. It seems, that in deference to some apprehensions that the dean and chapter of St. Paul's might think the *Ανών η μανδύον άντάξιον εν άμολιβή*—from the blessed gods may he receive his merited reward—somewhat heathenish, Dr. Parr was persuaded to convert the line into *Εν μανδύον άνών άντάξιον εν άμολιβή*—may he receive amongst the blessed the merited reward of his labours.

The reader who is curious about the pompous inanities of literature, will find at the end of the fourth volume of Dr. Parr's works, ed. 1828, a long correspondence between Parr, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Malone, and other friends of Dr. Johnson, on the subject of this epitaph. He will be amused at the burlesque importance which Parr attaches to epitaph-writing, the tenacity with which he endeavoured to describe Dr. Johnson, with reference to his poetical character, as *poeta probabilis*, and his candid avowal, that in the composition he was think-

ing more of his own character than Dr. Johnson's."

A list of the numerous portraits of Johnson is given in the Appendix; and five engravings adorn this publication, the one prefixed to Vol. IV. being a laughable caricature likeness of Boswell, from a sketch by Lawrence.

We have only to add, that a faithful and well-digested index much enhances the value of this excellent publication.

#### Pearce's Abyssinian Travels.

[Fourth Notice.]

CONTINUING our review, the behaviour of one of the kings at seeing an organ, brought by Mr. Salt, is whimsically painted.

"The organ, which Mr. Coffin had just begun to turn, next took his attention; he stood several minutes looking at it, at last went close to it, looked at the inside, and appeared quite lost in contemplation. 'I hear it breathe,' said he, several times; and as, upon putting his ear close, he could hear a hiss now and then, occasioned by there being a small hole in the leather on one side of the bellows, he cried out, 'By St. Michael, there is a snake in it! I hear it plainly;' and quickly drawing back, he exclaimed, 'Such a thing, which contains a devil, cannot be fit for a church.' Allcar Barbe, the high priest, standing close by, said, 'Ganvar, I beg your pardon, it is an angel, not a devil; our church has not suffered in any way since it came into it, but, on the contrary, has rather increased in prosperity. Ito Pearce has opened the whole before the *carmart* (congregation of priests), and all are of opinion that nothing but the wisdom of man, such as God gave unto Solomon, had made it;' and he added, 'Abuna Comfu told us that he saw one in the church of St. Paulos and Petros, in Rome, as large as twenty of this.'"

We have also a curious account of buffoons.

"At dinner Tottamasey began by pretending he had really seen the Amhara in their fright; he put on such pitiable looks and dying postures, mimicking the Amhara who thought themselves dead when they fell, that the ras could scarcely taste a morsel all the time for laughing at the buffoon and the numerous chiefs who were sitting about him with their mouths full, staring and affecting the motions of Tottamasey. This personage is very old, but a remarkably lively man, and was the head harlequin to Ras Michael. The governors of the provinces commonly keep several persons of this kind, to divert them at feasts and upon holidays, and they have the income of a district allowed them for their maintenance. They are in general good poets, and run or ride before their chief when going from to to war, descanting in poetry, and in a loud voice, to the chief and his troops, upon the reward of bravery; the redemption of the sins of a soldier, who dies in the presence of his master in the field of glory; the curse which God sends upon those who flinch or run away; and many such subjects, to keep up and stimulate the courage of the soldiers. These people are called in the Amhara language *Ozmare*; in Tigré, *Warta*; the enemy never kill them if taken in battle, any more than they do trumpeters and fifers, if Christians; but the Galla spare no one in war.

Of the more general manners and customs of the people, the following is a characteristic description.

"The people who live in the larger sort of towns, and especially the mechanics, in general

lead the most undisturbed life, and are considered the best Christians. Those who work in silver and gold, in brass, or at the carpenters' trade, are esteemed as persons of high rank; but those who work in iron or pottery are not allowed the privilege even of being in common society, nor are they permitted to receive the sacrament as Christians. They are reckoned even by their nearest neighbours to have the supernatural power of changing themselves into hyenas or other beasts, and upon that account every body dreads them. All convulsions or hysteric disorders, which are as common in Abyssinia as in other parts of the world, are here attributed to the evil eye of these people. They are called by the Amhara, Buda; and by the Tigré, Tebbib. Many marvellous deeds done by them have been related to me by persons of superior intelligence of both sexes, which, however ridiculous, may serve to illustrate the superstitious character of the people in this part of the world. Although these Budas are obliged to put up with reproaches and all manner of scorn from other Christians, and even their nearest neighbours, yet they are partial to that religion; and, though not allowed the sacrament, keep the whole of the fasts and Lents as strictly as any Christians in the country. There are, indeed, Mahometan and Jew Budas; and, as I have before said, all that work in iron and pottery are deemed such. What this whimsical notion sprang from I never could learn. Gojam is the province supposed to contain most of them. The Zackary are another extraordinary set of beings: though esteemed good Christians, I have myself seen them go roaring about the towns, making a most dreadful noise, and being apparently in great trouble, whipping themselves, and at times cutting their flesh with knives. These people are most numerous in the province of Tigré, and they have a church which is resorted to by none but themselves; it is at no great distance from Axum, and is dedicated to their saint, Oun Arvel. They are very proud of styling themselves descendants of St. George. In their church Oun Arvel they pretend that a light burns continually without the assistance of human aid. I have more than once watched an opportunity to blow this light out; but those in care of it were too attentive to their duty to let me succeed, though I once effected my purpose in pointing out a similar imposition of these priests at Jummer-a-Mariam in Lasta. There is also a holy water at the church Oun Arvel, which is greatly esteemed for the cure of persons afflicted with evil spirits. This is a very wonderful disorder, which I cannot pass over in silence, though the reader may think it fabulous and ridiculous; yet we have accounts of something of the same kind in the New Testament, which the priests and learned men of Abyssinia believe to be the same complaint. This complaint is called *tigretier*; it is more common among the women than among the men. The tigretier seizes the body as if with a violent fever, and from that turns to a lingering sickness, which reduces the patients to skeletons and often kills them, if the relations cannot procure the proper remedy. During this sickness their speech is changed to a kind of stut-tering, which no one can understand but those afflicted with the same disorder. When the relations find the malady to be the real tigretier, they join together to defray the expenses of curing it; the first remedy they in general attempt, is to procure the assistance of a learned Dofter, who reads the Gospel of St. John, and drenches the patient with cold water daily for

the space of seven days—an application that very often proves fatal. The most effectual cure, though far more expensive than the former, is as follows. The relations hire for a certain sum of money a band of trumpeters, drummers, and fifers, and buy a quantity of liquor; then all the young men and women of the place assemble at the patient's house, to perform the following most extraordinary ceremony. I once was called in by a neighbour to see his wife, a very young woman, and of whom he was very fond, who had the misfortune to be afflicted with this disorder; and the man being an old acquaintance of mine, and always a close comrade in the camp, I went every day, when at home, to see her; but I could not be of any service to her, though she never refused my medicines. At this time I could not understand a word she said, although she talked very freely, nor could any of her relations understand her. She could not bear the sight of a book or a priest, for at the sight of either she struggled, and was apparently seized with acute agony, and a flood of tears, like blood mingled with water, would pour down her face from her eyes. She had lain three months in this lingering state, living upon so little that it seemed not enough to keep a human body alive; at last her husband agreed to employ the usual remedy; and, after preparing for the maintenance of the band during the time it would take to effect the cure, he borrowed from all his neighbours their silver ornaments, and loaded her legs, arms, and neck, with them. The evening that the band began to play, I seated myself close by her side as she lay upon the couch; and about two minutes after the trumpets had begun to sound, I observed her shoulders begin to move, and soon afterwards her head and breast; and in less than a quarter of an hour she sat upon her couch. The wild look she had, though sometimes she smiled, made me draw off to a greater distance, being almost alarmed to see one nearly a skeleton move with such strength; her head, neck, shoulders, hands, and feet, all made a strong motion to the sound of the music; and in this manner she went on by degrees until she stood up on her legs upon the floor. Afterwards she began to dance, and at times to jump about; and at last, as the music and noise of the singers increased, she often sprang three feet from the ground. When the music slackened, she would appear quite out of temper; but, when it became louder, she would smile and be delighted. During this exercise she never shewed the least symptom of being tired, though the musicians were thoroughly exhausted; and when they stopped to refresh themselves by drinking and resting a little, she would discover signs of discontent. Next day, according to the custom in the cure of this disorder, she was taken into the market-place, where several jars of maize or tsug were set in order by the relations, to give drink to the musicians and dancers. When the crowd had assembled, and the music was ready, she was brought forth and began to dance and throw herself into the maddest postures imaginable, and in this manner she kept on the whole day. Towards evening, she began to let fall her silver ornaments from her neck, arms, and legs, one at a time, so that in the course of three hours she was stripped of every article. A relation continually kept going after her as she danced, to pick up the ornaments, and afterwards delivered them to the owners from whom they were borrowed. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness, that the fastest runner could not come up with her,

and, when at the distance of about two hundred yards, she dropped on a sudden, as if shot. Soon afterwards, a young man, on coming up with her, fired a matchlock over her body, and struck her upon the back with the broad side of his large knife, and asked her name, to which she answered as when in her common senses, a sure proof of her being cured; for, during the time of this malady, those afflicted with it never answer to their Christian name. She was now taken up in a very weak condition and carried home, and a priest came and baptised her again in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which ceremony concluded her cure. Some are taken in this manner to the market-place for many days before they can be cured; and it sometimes happens that they cannot be cured at all. I have seen them in these fits dance with a bruly, or bottle of maize, upon their heads, without spilling the liquor or letting the bottle fall, although they have put themselves into the most extravagant postures. I could not have ventured to write this from hearsay, nor could I conceive it possible, until I was obliged to put this remedy in practice upon my own wife, who was seized with the same disorder, and then I was compelled to have a still nearer view of this strange disorder. I at first thought that a whip would be of some service, and one day attempted a few strokes, when unnoticed by any person, we being by ourselves, and I having a strong suspicion that this ailment sprang from the weak minds of women, who were encouraged in it for the sake of the grandeur, rich dress, and music, which accompany the cure. But how much was I surprised, the moment I struck a light blow, thinking to do good, to find that she became like a corpse, and even the joints of her fingers became so stiff that I could not straighten them; indeed, I really thought that she was dead, and immediately made it known to the people in the house that she had fainted, but did not tell them the cause, upon which they immediately brought music, which I had for many days denied them, and which soon revived her; and I then left the house to her relations to cure her at my expense, in the manner I have before mentioned, though it took a much longer time to cure my wife than the woman I have just given an account of. One day I went privately, with a companion, to see my wife dance, and kept at a short distance, as I was ashamed to go near the crowd. On looking stedfastly upon her, while dancing or jumping, more like a deer than a human being, I said that it certainly was not my wife; at which my companion burst into a fit of laughter, from which he could scarcely refrain all the way home. Men are sometimes afflicted with this dreadful disorder, but not frequently. Among the Amihara and Galla it is not so common."

The title-page mentions Mr. Coffin's journey to Gondar; from the two chapters devoted to which, we shall in our next make a selection.

#### CHOLERA MORBUS.

THOUGH the accounts from many, and not distant, parts of the continent respecting the mortal prevalence of this disorder are still very appalling—we know not how it is, but so it is, the dread of its approach to our shores seems to have subsided, though the journals of the day contain reports of its actual arrival. We shall nevertheless notice the works which have recently reached us, and to which its menace has given birth. 1. *The History of the Epidemic Spasmodic Cholera of Russia*, by Dr. Bisset Hawkins (12mo. pp. 306; Murray), is

an ample and well-digested account of the disease, from its Indian origin to the present time; with maps, shewing its course and progress. Without maintaining any medical theory, this is a most useful work, and may serve as a foundation for the best opinions as to treatment, should it be our misfortune to be visited by cholera. 2. *Treatise on Cholera Asphyxia*, by G. H. Bell (8vo. pp. 150; Blackwood). A residence in Tanjore enables Mr. Bell to offer an account of the nature of this disease; of the causes to which he ascribes it, namely, a suspension of the powers by which the circulation of the blood is carried on; of its mode of propagation; and of the curative process to be adopted against it. 3. *Memoir on the Cholera Morbus of India*, by P. F. Keraudren (Lancet office), a pamphlet of forty pages, translated from the French, to shew that the disease is the mordechi, and epidemic. 4. *On Cholera*, by Medicus; a pamphlet of forty-six pages, considers the disease (agreeing with Mr. Annesley) to spring from the imperfect oxygenation of the blood; and says, that actual cautery on the feet and ankles is a certain remedy in an early stage.

*London Bridge, &c.* By J. Elmes, Esq. M.R.I.A. Architect, Surveyor to the Port of London. pp. 24. Wood and Son.

A WELL-TIMED pamphlet, which, with an account of the building, and a neat engraving of the new London Bridge, about to be opened with royal ceremony and splendour, gives a concise account of its venerable predecessors. It is a capital manual for Monday; yet so well done, as to possess a more permanent interest.

*Tales from Shakespeare; designed for the use of young Persons.* By Charles Lamb. Fifth edition. pp. 376. London, 1831. Baldwin and Cradock.

THIS charming little volume has been too long established for further criticism than additional praise; the design being as excellent as the execution is graceful. The present is a very beautiful edition, ornamented with the prettiest of woodcuts, a picture to every story, and a likeness of Shakespeare to face the title-page. The book is neatly bound in watered cloth—a species of binding which has a very good effect, though we fear not very lasting.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR AUGUST.

7<sup>d</sup> 10<sup>h</sup> 3<sup>m</sup>—Sun eclipsed: invisible at Greenwich. It is remarkable, that though this eclipse will be visible from a very large portion of the terrestrial surface, it will not be seen from either Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. To part of Notasia, New Guinea, New Zealand, and most of the islands in the south Pacific Ocean, it will be very considerable. 23<sup>d</sup> 11<sup>h</sup>—the Sun enters Virgo.

##### Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	P. M.	M.
● New Moon in Cancer .....	7	10 3
○ First Quarter in Libra .....	14	22 24
○ Full Moon in Aquarius .....	22	22 5
● Last Quarter in Taurus .....	29	22 48

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	P. M.	M.
Mars in Leo .....	8	14 30
Saturn in Leo .....	8	17 10
Mercury in Leo .....	8	21 45
Venus in Virgo .....	11	0 0
Jupiter in Capricornus .....	21	20 50

*Occultation of Aldebaran.*—2<sup>d</sup>—This remarkable star will again be occulted: though occurring after sunrise, it may be easily ob-



served with a telescope. Immersion 18<sup>h</sup> 23<sup>m</sup> 15<sup>s</sup>:  
emersion 19<sup>h</sup> 16<sup>m</sup> 6<sup>s</sup>.

22<sup>d</sup>—The Moon eclipsed: invisible at Greenwich. The commencement will be at 20<sup>h</sup> 40<sup>m</sup>, and the end at 23<sup>h</sup> 13<sup>m</sup>: digits eclipsed 5<sup>o</sup> 48'. This eclipse will be visible to the Japanese isles, the eastern parts of China, the Philippine and neighbouring islands, and the western parts of Notasia.

4<sup>d</sup> 5<sup>h</sup>—Mercury in conjunction with Regulus.  
5<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>h</sup>—with Mars: difference of latitude 9'.  
7<sup>d</sup> 12<sup>h</sup>—with Saturn: difference of latitude 28'.  
16<sup>d</sup>—descending node. 25<sup>d</sup> 17<sup>h</sup>—in aphelion.  
31<sup>d</sup>—greatest elongation as an evening star, its angular distance from the Sun being 27° 11', or nearly its maximum.

20<sup>d</sup>—the beautiful evening star, Venus, will attain its greatest splendour, which happens between the points of greatest elongation and inferior conjunction, and when the planet appears with one-fourth of the disc illuminated, or with a similar phase to that of the Moon five days after conjunction.

2<sup>d</sup> 18<sup>h</sup>—Mars in conjunction with Regulus: difference of latitude 39'. 12<sup>d</sup>—with Saturn: difference of latitude 27'.

#### The Asteroids.

	D.	R.A.	H.	M.	N.D.	°	'
Vesta	.. 4	12	6	34	21	31	
					21	25	
					21	15	
					21	2	
Juno	.. 4	12	7	16	21	2	
					13	33	
					12	58	
					12	17	
					11	31	
Pallas	.. 4	19	25	17	4		
					15	46	
					14	19	
					12	46	
Ceres	.. 4	21	12	S.D.	29	15	
					29	56	
					30	27	
					30	47	

4<sup>d</sup>—Ceres in opposition; but, owing to its low altitude when on the meridian, it will not be satisfactorily seen.

10<sup>d</sup> 9<sup>h</sup>—Jupiter in opposition. This planet will continue an evening star to the end of the year.

#### Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion	.. 3	12	47	54
emersion	.... 12	11	27	42
		19	22	44
		23	9	46
Second Satellite, immersion	.. 9	11	2	36
emersion	.... 30	8	29	20
		27	10	55
Third Satellite	..... 16	13	6	24

Saturn is too near the Sun to be visible.  
26<sup>d</sup> 20<sup>h</sup> 45<sup>m</sup>—in conjunction with the Sun.  
5<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>h</sup> 30<sup>m</sup>—Uranus in opposition, and in its most favourable position for observation.

Deplford.

J. T. B.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The National Portrait Gallery of Illustrations and Eminent Personages; particularly of the Nineteenth Century.* With Memoirs by William Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., &c. Part XXVIII. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS No. affords proof of the publishers' diligence, in meeting, with the view to gratify, the public feeling and interest of the time; for besides portraits of Earl Howe and Sir Thomas Lawrence, it contains a capital likeness of Prince Leopold, the now King of Belgium. From the memoir, which is stated to have been communicated to the work "on the best authority," we select a passage or two, which can hardly be read without giving rise to particular reflections at this extraordinary epoch.

"The royal subject of this memoir," observes the writer, "is one of those extraordinary instances of singular fortune, which occur but rarely, even in the widely-spread annals of mankind; and seem to proclaim to us, with an authority not to be mistaken, that  
"..... There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will!"

The leading incidents of the life of Prince Leopold have not only been remarkable in themselves, but still more remarkable in their coincidence with, and effects upon, the destiny of another exalted individual. We allude to the Prince of Orange, between whom, and two crowns, it has been the fate of His Royal Highness to step; while, as if to render his own career yet more wonderful, a third has been offered to his acceptance. In ancient and in superstitious times, the genius, or ascendant star, of the House of Coburg would have been recognised in these striking events—in our enlightened times they cannot but excite admiration and wonder."

After tracing his birth, advance to manhood, &c.; at the period of Buonaparte's return, discomfited, from Russia, the narrative proceeds.

"The Prince Leopold was among the first to start from an inactivity which was so irksome to him; and, long before the campaign had commenced, he was in the midst of the Russian army, leaving all that was most dear to him at risk, for the great cause of his 'fatherland.' He accompanied the allied army to Silesia and Saxony; was engaged in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen; and, on the expiration of the armistice, proceeded with the army to Bohemia, and thence to the Saxon frontier; where he particularly distinguished himself with the division of cavalry under his command. For his eminent services on those days, the Emperor Alexander invested him, on the field of battle of Nollendorf, with the Cross of St. George, and the Emperor of Austria subsequently conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa. He was at Leipsic, and throughout the whole of the campaigns which ended in the capture of Paris in 1814. Many of our countrymen formed their first acquaintance with the Prince when he was in the French capital, at this period 'the gayest of the gay.' Hence he passed over to England with the allied sovereigns, in a natural anxiety to witness the land which had aided so greatly the great cause which had been so nobly consummated. At this time the Prince Leopold was a young man, twenty-four years of age, remarkable for his good looks, and distinguished from the crowd of princes with whom he was associated, for great amenity of manners, equanimity of temper, and every accomplishment of good society. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was, at that time, in her eighteenth year, and remarkable, above her years, for great insight into the characters of those with whom she associated. It is not, therefore, surprising that she should have been captivated with the qualities of Prince Leopold; nor is it necessary, at this time of day, to doubt the excellence of her judgment, in her preference of an individual, who made her, without any dispute, the happiest of women, during the short period which she was permitted to call happy, in her short but eventful life. It is well known that her hand had been destined for the Prince of Orange, by the policy of the British cabinet, as well as at the desire of her royal father; and the princess had so far yielded to these wishes, as to consent to appear with him in public at the queen's drawing-room, this year. She was

not, however, of a disposition to be willingly made an instrument of others in a matter so near her heart; and when she found a man more suited to her mind, she at once broke off a forced attachment, and loved him alone with all the intensity of a woman's affection. The British people, unaccustomed to marriages of convenience, admired the spirit which influenced her conduct; and she felt encouraged by their approbation, to carry her point with all the resolution she inherited from her family. When, one day, her equerry, Colonel Addenbroke, returned from Kew to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, where the princess at that time resided, and told her the report of the day—that Her Royal Highness was to marry Prince Leopold—she at once evinced the settled determination of her breast, by the reply, 'He is the only man I ever will marry.'"

We pass to the conclusion.

"His last act, upon quitting England, was to announce to the ministry his determination, as sovereign of Belgium, to draw no portion of his parliamentary annuity. A degree of indecent haste has been shown by the public, relative to his intentions in this respect; and this had even been reflected within the walls of the Upper House of Parliament. His claim to this grant (which, as far as His Royal Highness was concerned, was the unsolicited liberality of the country) was as undisputed and as firm as that of the public creditor: but, in truth, he had been always made to suffer for the sins of those who had been thus prodigal in their desire to obtain his early favour. The man, however, whom his enemies had declared to be the most avaricious and miserly of men, actually relinquished the certainty of the affluence, as well as the comfort, of a private station—before he knew what endowment would be made on a crown which he had accepted—upon public grounds alone. Here, then, we close this rapid glance over a life which, for its duration, has been more than ordinarily eventful. The king of the Belgians is still in the maturity of his life, and in the full vigour of his faculties. He has undertaken a task which must be difficult and laborious, and which many people think is not capable of a successful result. He may, however, reflect, that he occupies a throne, the right to which is less capable of dispute than any one in history—for the hereditary sovereigns of the land renounced their claim to Austria, or to France; and the right of conquest alone, and that not a conquest over Belgium, gave it to the kingdom of the Netherlands. He is one of the few sovereigns who, without even the birthright to the land of his rule, has obtained a crown without the sword having been drawn, or a drop of blood spilled, in the acquisition of it. If he should happily succeed, he will deserve the gratitude of four millions of subjects, and the applause of surrounding nations,—if he should fail, he will lay down a sceptre which he never sought, and return to that private station, the splendid prospects of which few could have had the virtue to have quitted, although the object were to retain the blessings of peace to Europe, and to consolidate the principle of constitutional government."

*The Right Rev. William Van Mildert, Lord Bishop of Durham.* Engraved by T. Lupton.

THIS is a very fine engraving, after the very fine portrait painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, so late as 1830. We have often had occasion to praise the taste and skill with which Mr. Lupton transfers the likenesses of eminent artists to his plate; but we have not

before seen a more striking example of his abilities than he has displayed on the distinguished prelate who is the subject of the present publication. For purity of style and execution, nothing can surpass it.

*The History and Topography of the United States of North America.* By John Howard Hinton, A.M. Parts 16, 17, and 18.

It is not so much with reference to the picturesque beauties of American landscape, (although many of these must excite great admiration,) that the plates which illustrate this work are peculiarly interesting, as with reference to the residences of man, and especially to the numerous and splendid public edifices which adorn the various cities of the United States. It is no less surprising than gratifying to observe how rapidly the arts of Europe have extended, and are extending themselves, through that flourishing republic; which, among its other aspirations, evidently aims at rivalling the old world in architectural magnificence.

*Patrick Gibson.* Painted by Luke Macartan; engraved by Thomas Lupton. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

In our 755th number, together with some circumstances of the life, we mentioned the death of this veteran, which took place on the 1st of July, at the extraordinary age of 111. The print under our notice is an excellent resemblance of him, and is very firmly and well executed. It is engraved from a portrait which appeared in the last Exhibition at Somerset House.

*A Tax-Receiver. A Tax-Payer.* Designed by H. Alken; engraved by J. Zeitter. Tilt and Co.

Two prints embarking the arts in the cause of Reform. One represents a jolly, well-clad fellow, surrounded with luxuries; the other a ragged starveling: the former declaring that no reform is wanted, the latter clamorous for any change. By the same publisher we see "God save the King," very fancifully and beautifully printed, with emblematic ornaments and superb initials in brilliant colours and gold.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE WORLD.

I love to listen to the ocean swell,  
And let my spirit muse.—MS.

THE shadows of Almighty wings advance  
Upon the world, that darkens as they come!—  
The heart of empires, cradled in the sea,  
Or on the earth outspread, doth heave and swell  
With wild emotion; for the fate of man  
For ages seems to take a colour now.  
Amid our streets a solemn murmur rolls—  
The gather'd meaning of a thousand hearts!  
And in our chambers Levy hath hushed  
Her tones, that die away in deeper words  
Than youth is wont to utter; times and states,  
Or battle-scenes, before them are adjudged;  
Wide o'er the universe the hand of Heaven  
Is traced; the Present and the Future meet,  
And each on each a sad defiance frowns!  
When the dark tide of twenty years hath rolled  
Away, and tombs are piled o'er living heads  
Which now are pond'ring,—what shall Time  
relate?

The answer sleeps in heaven; but dim the eye  
That cannot see portentous shadows veil  
The earth around, reflected from above!

And thou, my Country! Ocean's darling isle,  
Amid the swell of o'er-excited hope,

The rush of mind, and haughty discontent,—  
Unmoved wilt never be:—thy soul is stirr'd,  
Thy blood is quicken'd, on thy brow is throned  
The high intention and the warlike aim;  
And when I think how Heaven hath favour'd thee

With one unalter'd smile; how nature moulds  
Thy clime to beauty; how the Seasons love  
To tint thy vales, and touch thine every scene:—

Some fears of unaffected power are felt,  
For what dark cloud may overhang thy doom!  
Yet noble hearts and spirits pure are thine!  
And what a past, from whence proud Memory fills

Her soul with valour, such as heroes graced!  
There high examples of celestial worth  
Abound; with all that makes dead ages speak  
A spirit-language to adoring thought.  
Then let thy past a warning present be;  
And should the banners of brave England rise,  
Or once again the island Empress hail  
Her champion vessels thund'ring o'er the deep!—

The star of glory—shall it not attend  
Her might, and shine upon each holy cause?  
Thus o'er the shadowy track of things to come

The spirit flies, on wings of fancy borne:  
But ere I leave this all unworldly spot,  
Whose quiet, like remember'd music, makes  
A calm within, the glitt'ring prospect view.—  
Alone upon this gray aerial cliff  
I stand, and hear the sea-swell load the wind.  
A dazzling arch of noon's unclouded heav'n  
Hangs o'er me, 'mid whose azure realm of light

The soaring larks invisibly exult  
And sing:—behind me, lo! a mingled sweep  
Of hill and mead, and lanes of lovely gloom,  
Or verdant twilight, shed from arching boughs  
That roof the pathway, where the streamlet roams.

But, hark! the glorious and almighty sea!  
The miracle of waters!—at you rock  
The maniac surges with incessant foam  
Are raving, in a wild and savage glee;  
But on the midway, bright and breezy all!  
The pomp of billows heaving far and wide  
Extendeth, twinkling with the star-like flash  
Of beams, that flutter o'er the ocean's face.

Oh, Solitude! how beautifully felt  
Thy heaven-like freshness by the weary heart!  
Whose martyrdom of dull or feverish cares  
Is here forgotten, while the spirit frames  
A world of loveliness, wherein it breathes  
And moves awhile, a disembodied shape  
Of peace and glory!—soon, alas! dissolved.  
Reality her throne resumes, and Life,  
The stern and true, the unethereal life  
Of men and things, around us coldly reigns.  
In solitude angelic purpose arms  
Our better moods, till high sensations throb  
Within us, and our spirit godlike grows  
In Eden walks, and worships in her bowers;  
But action comes, and resolution dies!

Oh! tell me not the lesson'd worldling dares  
Each height and depth where proud Experience roves;

While dreamers are but apparitions vain,  
Who in their sickliness of soul are lost  
To healthful feeling, such as wisdom owns.  
Some dreams are truer than realities  
Which in the drama of our daily life  
Are acted, boasting a substantial form.  
For is not life one vast hypocrisy?

Each wears his mask, and tames his nature down,  
[mock!]  
And sheathes his spirit, lest the world should

Thou Great Inspirer of the human soul,  
Undying! not for this was man endowed  
With energies that breathe immortal power:  
A spirit chainless, and a heart sublime—  
In hallow'd union when shall these arise,  
O'erawe the world, and set our natures free?

Society—how oft that word profaned  
We find, in scenes where nothing social dwells!  
Where numbers mix, but sever'd hearts abound,  
Each meanly covered with a mask of smiles.  
But when a nature, noble in itself  
And gifted, from the throne of greatness falls  
Amid the mass, to sacrifice the soul  
Round petty altars which the world has reared,  
Who does not mourn a prostituted mind?  
There was a festival where fairy shapes  
Of bright-eyed women, and of courtly men  
Convened; and one to whom my fancy knelt  
In sympathetic, high, and lonely hours,  
Was there, supreme above the glowing throng.  
His boyhood was a fiery thirst of fame  
Which manhood had fulfilled; and oh, how oft  
The page of beauty where his thoughts had burned,

And all the verdure of his soul arrayed  
Each word with life and freshness—filled my mind

With ecstasy, till e'en this outward world  
A hue of glory from his heart derived!  
Love, Truth, and Joy, each varied scene and sound

From him a mystic inspiration caught;  
Where'er I went, some intellectual gleam  
Or radiance told of his abiding power—  
For he had clothed the universe with light  
To me, and every where his presence ruled.  
And oft in secret had I shaped the form  
That shined a spirit such as I adored.  
We met; and never on the cheek of life  
Has death a with'ring change so quickly set,  
As on my heart fell disappointment's blight!  
Society had marred his noble mind;

His thoughts were muffled in unmeaning words;  
The stately nothingness of gaudy life  
Alone he worshipped; not a tint remained  
Of his true nature; not a tone revealed  
The lofty music of the soul within.  
A thing of artifice, and wailing smiles,  
And fawning speeches, rank with falsehood's breath,

Was all he proved, whom wonder had arrayed  
With attributes of glory!—seldom past  
From light to darkness such a soul as his!

O World! and is it thus thy victims fall!  
Then grant me, Heaven, some few confiding hearts

Where truth abounds, and deep affections dwell:  
The stern may laugh, or wisdom call it vain;  
But life is holy when the heart is free!

July 20th, 1831.

R. MONTGOMERY.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### CORONATION.

As the coronation of William IV. is now a subject of interest, the annexed may be revived, we fear not, as a precedent, productive of courtly splendour and popular recreation. It is a description, from a contemporary, of the coronation of Charles II. on his restoration.

"A.D. 1661. The entrance of this year was made famous by the magnificent coronation of King Charles the Second. On the 22d of April he made his cavalcade from the Tower through London to Westminster, against which time four magnificent triumphal arches had been erected by the city (as their charter obligeth them) for his majesty to pass through. The first of which was placed in Leadenhall street,

representing his majesty's happy arrival in England; the second was near the Royal Exchange, being a naval representation; the third in Cheapside, representing the temple of concord; the fourth in Fleet-street, representing the garden of plenty. On the following day, April 3d, and the day of the coronation, his majesty disposed of the regalia unto the noblemen hereafter mentioned, to be carried by them from Westminster Hall to the Abby Church:—Saint Edward's staff to Vice-Admiral Mountague, Earl of Sandwich; the spurs to the Earl of Pembroke; the scepter with the cross to the Earl of Bedford; the pointed sword (born on the left hand of curteyn) to the Earl of Darby; the pointed sword (born on the right hand of curteyn) to the Earl of Shrewsbury; King Edward the Saint's sword, called curteyn, to the Earl of Oxford; the sword of state to the Earl of Manchester; the scepter with the dove to the Duke of Albe-marle; the orb with the cross to the Duke of Buckingham; Saint Edward's crown to the Duke of Ormond; paten to the Bishop of Excester; and chalice to the Bishop of London. Then the king, with his nobles, officers, and attendants, made their proceeding, upon blue cloth spread on the ground, from Westminster Hall to the Abby Church, whither his majesty being come, he was received with this anthem:—"I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord," &c. Then, after some ceremonies, this anthem was sung by the gentlemen of the king's chapel—"Let thy hand be strengthened, and thy right hand be exalted," &c. Then, after that, the king had offered the pall and a wedge of gold of a pound weight at the altar, and that the regalia were laid thereon, the Bishop of London said this prayer: "O God, which dost visit those that are humble, send down thy grace upon this thy servant Charles," &c. This done, the Bishop of Worcester began his sermon on these words: "For the transgressions of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged." *Prov. xxviii. 2.* And during the sermon his majesty wore a cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine. Sermon being ended, the king uncovered his head, and took the usual oath, "To confirm the laws to the people, and namely the franchises granted to the clergy by Saint Edward the Confessor, to maintain the gospel established in the kingdom, to keep peace, execute justice, and grant the commons the rightful customs." Then followed this hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God," &c., a prayer for the king, and the Litany; which being finished, and his majesty seated in the coronation chair, the Archbishop of Canterbury anointed him, first in the palms of his hands in the manner of a cross, pronouncing these words—"Let these hands be anointed with holy oil, as kings and prophets have been anointed, that thou mayest be blessed and established in this kingdom, and among this people whom the Lord thy God hath given thee to rule over." After which the quire sung this anthem—"Sadoc the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king, and all the people rejoiced and said, God save the king." At the end of which anthem the archbishop said, "Look down, Almighty God, with thy favourable countenance upon this glorious king," &c.; and then proceeded to anoint the king's breast, between his shoulders, on both his shoulders, the bowing of his arms, and crown of his head; which being done, the anointing was dried up with fine linen, and

two short prayers followed. Then the Dean of Westminster put on the coif with the colobium sindonis, or surplice, upon the king; whereupon the archbishop prayed, saying, "O God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, by whom kings do reign, and lawgivers do make good laws, vouchsafe, we beseech thee, in thy favour to bless this kingly ornament, and grant that thy servant Charles our king, who shall wear it, may shine in thy sight with the ornament of a good life and holy actions; and after this life ended, he may for ever enjoy that life and glory which hath no end," &c. This said, the tissue hose, sandals, and super tunica, were put upon the king; then the sword of state was received by the archbishop from the Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Manchester, and laid upon the altar, and a prayer made, "That it might be sanctified to protect and defend churches, widows, orphans, and all the servants of God; and that it might be a fear and terror to all those that lie in wait to do mischief." The prayer ended, the archbishop and bishops delivered the sword to the king, saying,—*"Accipe gladium per manus episcoporum;"* whereupon the lord chamberlain girt it about the king, and the archbishop said—"Receive the kingly sword, which is hallowed for the defence of holy church, and delivered unto thee by the hands of the bishops, though unworthy, yet consecrated by the authority of the holy apostles," &c. Then successively the armit and mantle were put upon the king, Saint Edward's crown upon his head, a ring upon the fourth finger of his right hand, into each hand a scepter; all were severally consecrated by the archbishop, as the colobe sindonis and sword of state had been. Then the archbishop and bishops present did their homage to the king, kneeling down before his knees, and promising to be faithful to him and his heirs kings of England; which said, they kissed the king's left cheek. After them the temporal nobility did their homage at the king's knees in these words: "I do become your liege-man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and of faith and truth I shall bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks, so God me help;" which said, they singly ascended the throne and touched the king's crown, promising by that ceremony to be ever to support it with all their power. Then the king went to the altar, there presented another wedge of gold, received the sacrament; after which an anthem was sung, and the king put off Saint Edward's crown, and had the imperial crown set upon his head, the scepter with the cross put into his right hand, and globe into his left, immediately going back to Westminster-hall, where himself and nobles feasted."

Upon the subject of coronations, we beg to recommend the following letter, addressed to us, to the attention of Ministers, and the country generally. We more than coincide with the writer, that a coronation shorn of its splendour is not only economically, but nationally, a gross miscalculation. We hope there is yet time to amend the programme, and not to condemn truly royal ceremonies to the opening of bridges, instead of their own proper sphere.

"I am a reformer, but not a friend to change for the worse. I have always understood that the ceremony of a coronation was a great national compact between the king and his people, for the security of the latter—the former then swears to govern according to law. And lest any part of this essential compact should be omitted, the ceremony has hitherto been performed in the face of the country, before all ranks and conditions of men, women, and

children, that the splendour of the spectacle might make an impression, the recollection of which would ensure its transmission to posterity; the nobles and aristocracy within the walls of Westminster Hall and Abbey, and the people at large without, assembled for the purpose of seeing the procession pass and repass.

"It is now announced, that a *proper regard to economy* has induced his Majesty (who is ever ready to benefit his people) to dispense with the greater part of the publicity of this ceremony, and most of its pageantry. To save the public purse, is, I believe, the most anxious wish of his Majesty, who, as well as his ministers, are only actuated by a desire for the people's welfare; but were any other ministers in power, their sincerity might be doubted, if they had issued such a proclamation in his Majesty's name as has just appeared, which, on the score of economy, is, in fact, making a hole-and-corner business of the solemn administration of the oath which is intended to secure the people of this country their liberties.

"The expense of the coronation of the late King was something under 240,000*l.*, in the first instance; but I would ask you if more than that sum was not returned to the nation in the taxes on the increased expenditure? Did it not give food and raiment to thousands in all parts of the kingdom, and cause a stir in business amongst the manufacturers and tradespeople, which made even the countenance of the poorest cheerful? Why, Mr. Editor, the money does not come out of the pockets of the poor, but the rich man's wealth is made by such a pageant to flow into the hands of the poor, the industrious, and the needy. The plea of economy, therefore, is economy for the rich, which dries up the sources of the poor man's wealth. On these grounds, the miser and the usurer will add his interest to his capital, without expending one penny on the weaver's loom or the smith's forge. The wretch who loves money, and possesses wealth, although he does not act to relieve the wants of others, always extols to the skies the economy which condemns the use of that pageantry which would touch his bags to relieve those wants. He forgets that the rich man's expenditure in equipages, and all other luxuries, which belong to his station, is bread to the poor, and food and raiment to the artisan, the smiths, the builders, the masons, the carpenters, the spinners, the trimmers, the weavers, the curriers, &c. of the nation.

"The bulk of the lower orders of the people are thus directly interested in the luxuries of the upper. And the discontinuance of a ceremony which has hitherto been the means of giving employment to so many poor and industrious persons, is the reverse of economy. Pensions, places, and gifts, bestowed on the unworthy, are a prostitution of the public purse, and we should not complain of their discontinuance; but of the omission of this most ancient ceremony, on the score of economy, we, who are most interested, do complain, and condemn the policy as most erroneous.

"Tradesmen, artisans, mechanics, manufacturers, and all you who live by your labour or ingenuity, for you are all equally interested, join forthwith and petition our kind-hearted and patriotic King, and the best and kindest of Queens, whose heart is ever feelingly alive to your interests, that such an opportunity of conferring a benefit on the poor may not be passed over, especially as the rich have no desire to be spared the necessary expenditure, but are always ready to come forward on occasions of public distress,—that we have a coronation



suit to the dignity of the nation: for the aristocracy of England are both able and willing to give the expenditure, and to surround their beloved King and Queen at their coronation in a suitable manner."

### MUSIC.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE are in such arrears with our musical notices, that we hardly know whether to head our critique *new music or old*: we dare say there is some of both; some now fashionable, some already forgotten.

Of the former we are sure must be, 1. *Characteristic Quadrilles*, by Louisa Sophia Dance (Cramer and Co.), which are charming compositions for the piano-forte (in imitation of the styles of Weber, Bishop, Rossini, Cramer, and Schlesinger), and display a great deal of taste and talent. Though rather late in the season, we recommend them cordially to our fair quadrille-dancers. 2. *The Circassian*, a ballad, by T. H. Bayly, Esq. (same publishers), is sure to become popular, through its sweetness and simplicity. 3. *The Bower* (the same). In the air we recognise our old favourite, with pleasing words by Mr. Bayly. 4. *Popular Waltzes*, &c. (S. Chappell), "performed," says the title-page, "at the nobilities balls;" yet quite simple, and extremely pretty. What is of more consequence, "Meet me by moonlight," and other airs, are here delightfully arranged for dancing: what more can be reported of the agreeable trifles? 5. *O! men, what silly things you are!* (J. Barnett and Co.); a cavatina by N. C. Bochsa, who has contrived to make the air pretty, and capital for practice. 6. *Lord of all Being* (J. A. Novello), the words by R. Montgomery, the music by S. Mathews, M.B. Cambridge. This is a fine composition, and will be heard with much gratification, either in public or private. The music throughout is admirably adapted to the words: perhaps it is rather long; but the beauty of many parts will excuse that blemish. 7. *I'm thine for ever!* (Purday), a ballad, sung by Mr. Wilson, the poetry and melody by W. R. Hayward, Esq. Wilson can make almost any thing pretty; but in others we have found this common-place and monotonous. 8. *Songs for the Grave and the Gay* (Purday), by T. H. Bayly; and, like the generality of his ballads, pretty simple pieces. The first is extremely sweet, both in words and music. Mr. Bayly assuredly excels in the grave and touching. 9. *Songs of the Camp* (Goulding and D'Almaine), written and composed by G. Linley, Esq. A truly beautiful book of songs. We may instance "Sweet Palencia," "Maiden of Seville," and "Friend in the Battle-day," as particularly charming. The latter, indeed, is one of the most harmonious compositions we have heard for a long time.

### DRAMA.

#### ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

THE evenings' miscellanies at this theatre are now running in smooth and gratifying variety; and while still greater novelties are announced, the managers have hit on a capital and very attractive source of amusement, by calling in the aid of Mr. Collins, alias the English Paganini. This musician made his first appearance on Tuesday, and with complete success. Comparisons, it is said, are odious; and therefore we shall refrain from subjecting ourselves to that imputation, and simply state the fact, that Mr. Collins on Tuesday, and every night since, has contrived to amuse a crowded house

for half an hour, and to call forth rounds of hearty applause by his performances on the violin. Two novelties seemed especially to delight his auditors; he produced tones like a distant organ, by loosening the hair of the bow, and then passing the stick under, and the hair over, the strings of the instrument. The next was rather a trick than any thing extraordinary,—he placed the bow upright between his knees, and played an air by moving the violin up and down against it; and, in truth, played the tune very well. The air upon one string was beautifully executed, and the performer loudly applauded.

LITTLE Regondi's concert on Saturday, we are happy to say, was well attended, and the audience seemed as much pleased as we were with the extraordinary performances of this interesting boy.

### VARIETIES.

*French Opera*.—The French papers say, that M. Victor Hugo is at work converting *Notre-Dame de Paris* into an opera, of which Rossini is to compose the music; that Taglioni is to have a character in it; and that the part of Quasimodo is to be played by the dwarf of the Cirque Olympique.

*New Fossil Crustaceous Animal*.—Professor Scouler, of Glasgow, describes, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Geographical Journal*, a very extraordinary fossil crustaceous animal, under the name of *Eidothea*, it bearing a remarkable similarity to the human skull. The shell is entire, and exhibits no vestiges of any division. It has a tail, consisting of several articulations. The eyes are placed on short peduncles.

*New Power Machine*.—Mr. Richards, an engineer of Bristol, states, that he has perfected an "Endless Power Machine," which is now in action; and which he asserts will supersede the use of steam in every case. The engine is self-acting, and may be made equal to 250 horse power.

*Roscoe*.—We observe with pleasure that a subscription for a public monument to the memory of this elegant scholar, has been proposed at Liverpool; a town deeply indebted to his literary and patriotic labours.

*Buckingham Palace*.—The recent statements in the newspapers of the insecure state of this building, and of the probability that it may suddenly fall into a heap of ruins—a meet termination to an undertaking of such absurdity—induces us at least to postpone the further remarks which it was our intention to make on Colonel Trench's plan for converting it into national picture and statue galleries, and into a college.

*Numismatics*.—We are glad to learn that the *Institut de France* has liberally corroborated the opinion we gave upon the "Illustrations of Anglo-French Coinage," (see review, *Lit. Gaz.* No. 699,) by awarding to its author, a general officer in the English service, their numismatic prize, the gold medal.

*Gin-wine Bread*.—In a recent *Gazette* we gave an account of the curious discovery, that bread in the process of baking emits a vapour which, being condensed, proves to be a spirit of great strength. The experiments are still going on, and the results most satisfactory. A quarter loaf yields several drams of pure spirit, with something of the flavour of *noyau*, (it is thence proposed to call it *dough-yau*); and from the general quantity of baking, it is estimated that 800,000 gallons per annum may

thus be produced from what has hitherto been utterly wasted. But we are not now going into the scientific history of the discovery, and we only mention it, during the progress of its tests, to record the humorous ingenuity of a baker near the place where the experiments are carrying on, who has placed in his shop-window the following placard, "Bread sold here with the Gin in it!"

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement*, No. XXXI. July 60.]

A pamphlet on the (Political) Influence of the Press is announced, from the pen of W. Jordan.

The Life and Correspondence (embracing nearly sixty years) of the late Mr. Roscoe, are, we learn, in preparation for the press by some of the members of his family.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stories for Young Children, by Mrs. Marcell, 18mo. 2s. 6d. — Woman in her Social Character, by Mrs. John Sandford, 12mo. 6s. 6d. — *Wiss on Surgical Instruments*, 8vo. 15s. bds. — *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, Vol. XVI. Part II. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds. — *Linley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden*, 8vo. 16s. bds. — *Otley's Notices of Engravers*, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. bds.; large paper, 18s. bds. — *Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s. bds. — *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, Vol. XXI. Lives of British Statesmen, Vol. I. fcp. 6s. cloth. — Rev. Thomas Dale's Sermons preached at St. Bride's, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds. — *Lardner's Cabinet Library*, Vol. III. Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon, Vol. II. fcp. 5s. cloth. — *Wakefield's Facts on the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis*, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds. — *Hawkins on Cholera*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds. — French and Skinner's Translation of the Proverbs, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds. — *George Don's General System of Gardening and Botany*, Vol. I. 4to. 3s. 12s. bds. — *Family Library*, Vol. XXIII. An Account of a Tour through Holland, 18mo. 5s. cloth. — *A Bird's-eye View of Foreign Paris*, fcp. 5s. bds. — *A Tale of Tucuman*, 18mo. 5s. bds. — *Manuscript Memorials*, crown 8vo. 7s. cloth. — *Lynch's Law of Elections in the Cities and Towns of Ireland*, royal 8vo. 6s. bds. — *Family Classical Library*, No. XX. *Thucydides*, Vol. I. 18mo. 4s. 6d. cloth. — *Hughes's Divines*, No. XV. *Jeremy Taylor*, Vol. III. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds. — *Roscoe's Novelist's Library*, Vol. II. *Roderick Random*, 12mo. 5s. cloth. — *The Club Book*, by various Authors, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 4s. bds. — *Standard Novels*, Vol. VI. *The Last of the Mohicans*, by J. F. Cooper, 12mo. 6s. cloth. — *Rev. M. Oxenden's Sermons before a Country Congregation*, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds. — *Danby's Thoughts on various Subjects*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds. — *General O'Connor's Letter to General Lafayette on the French Revolution of 1830*, 8vo. 2s.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

¶ While the falsehood and scurrility of low periodicals respecting the *Literary Gazette* are confined to their own small spheres, we leave them to the obscure contempt which alone they have the power to provoke; but having admitted into our pages to-day (in the way of business) an advertisement which will thus afford to such abuse a publicity otherwise unattainable, we deem it right to accompany it with a few words of remark. Belonging to the class of the press which find it easier to struggle into a narrow and ephemeral notoriety by the shameful means of slander and personalities, than to prefer a wide-spread and permanent claim to the public regard by meritorious efforts in the cause of literature and improvement, we might well leave the Magazine in question, and the impudent lies it has intruded into our own columns, to the degradation earned by the one, and the speedy oblivion which is sure to overtake the other. But we will publicly tell the propagator of these attacks upon us (which he knows to be utterly false, and which are rendered personal by a preceding part of the advertisement), that the individual who can so readily violate the least burdensome, though not the least imperative of human virtues, gratitude to a benefactor, is not the best calculated to inform or benefit mankind as the editor of a periodical work: but his vocation, like that of his fellows, is not to promote any good or useful purpose. Entitled, as we are, to the general confidence, and rewarded by a circulation far beyond any literary Journal that ever was published, we shall continue to despise the base detractions of unsuccessful envy. [To guard against misapprehension, we should say, that a private friend of ours, a gentleman whose name is frequently mentioned as editor of this Magazine, but who denies that responsibility, is not in the slightest degree alluded to in this notice of a stupid and worthless calumny.]

We are sorry to be obliged to postpone a farther notice of Mr. Jacob on the Precious Metals, and Wakefield on the Punishment of Death.

We are not acquainted with any farther particulars of the *Mary-le-bone Literary and Scientific Institution* than we stated in the *Literary Gazette*. Inquirers must look to the prospectuses or advertisements of the plan.

β is fanciful—but the rhymes, &c. won't do.

We are obliged to S. A. M.; but if he knew the trouble it cost us to make Hofer's letter as correct as it was, he would not ask us to embark on further verbal criticisms.

Wadhams Pembroke has no original thought to recommend to the distinction of publication.

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM

MALL.  
The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters of the various Schools of Painting, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.  
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**EXAMPLES of GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE**, by A. PUGIN, Architect; consisting of a Series of Seventy-five Plates of Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details, selected from the most admired Edifices in England. This Work is now completed, with the Letter-press Descriptions, and can be had (neatly bound, price, in medium 4to. 4s. 4d.; imperial 4to. large paper, 6s. 6d.) of the Author, 105, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; Taylor, High Holborn; and Priestley and Wels, High Street, Birmingham.

Mr. Pugin begs to acquaint his Subscribers that the Letter-press Descriptions of the Work, which is given gratis, with Two additional Plates, may be had, upon immediate application, at either of the above addresses, by presenting, signed, &c. the notice which is affixed to the Fourth Number.

**OPENING of LONDON BRIDGE** by HIS MAJESTY.—The Observer, price Seven-pence, of Sunday next, July the 5th, will contain Two picturesque and accurate Views of this splendid Ceremony, taken from the Southward and London sides of the Thames; together with Minute Particulars and Programme of the whole of the intended Proceedings.

A Monday Afternoon Edition of the Observer, price Seven-pence, adapted for Country and Foreign circulation, is regularly published, at Four o'clock, every Monday Afternoon, at No. 109, Strand.

## LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ARTS.

The Proprietors of the **ATHENÆUM**, from their honest anxiety, and in compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of general Literature and useful Knowledge, have resolved, that on Saturday next this Paper shall be reduced in price from Eight-pence to Fourpence.

Each Number of the Athenæum contains, on an average, 35 Columns of Reviews, with copious Extracts, of all important New Works; and in addition, 10 Columns, comprising Reports of the Proceedings of Learned and Scientific Societies, (some exclusively and by authority); Original Papers by distinguished Writers; Early Notices of Scientific Voyages and Travels; Criticisms on the Exhibitions, Opera, Theatres, Concerts, Music, &c.; with Miscellaneous, including all that is interesting in Literature, Art, and Science. Handwritten printed in Sixteen large 4to. pages.

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S. MORDAN and CO. respectfully solicit the public attention to the Frauds which are daily practised upon them, as regards their Pencils, and the Leads for refilling the same. To guard the Public against impositions, the Patentees are induced to make the following remarks:—

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